

the COURIER

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CLARKE COLLEGE, Dubuque, Iowa

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Visions of sugar plums

Clarke Christmas celebrations included the annual Mitten Tree party Sunday afternoon for children of the Dubuque area. Above, left, seniors sing Christmas carols. Lower left, Mary Catherine Casey and Margaret Doyle as Santa cheer up a youngster. Right, Kathy Berger with a small friend.

Tri-college CEC advisor to increase communication

By Meredyth Albright

In an attempt to hold the Tri-College Cultural Events Committee together, Loras instructor Robert Cronin has been appointed advisor. Since its beginning in 1972 the committee has suffered from a lack of communication. The main problem, according to Mary Lou Fronczak, a member from 1975-1977, is that Clarke students are more interested in cultural events than students from Loras and the University of Dubuque. These schools, however, are the financial backbone of the committee, each providing \$2,000 while Clarke contributes \$1,000.

Each year the committee selects three major events it will sponsor. One event is held on each campus, with representatives from the host campus in charge of entertainment and a committee in charge of the performances. Members from the other colleges are expected to assist with the publicity, set up, and other details. The Cliff Kueter dance company that appeared at the U of D last spring was the result of three years work by Clarke representatives. Clarke representatives Colleen Kehoe and Nan Olson suggested a dance company in 1974 but the idea was not

acted on immediately because the representatives from the other schools felt their student bodies wouldn't benefit from or favorably accept a dance company. When plans were finalized they were for the company to appear at the U of D and present workshops on each of the three campuses. As times for the workshops and appearance grew nearer Clarke representative Julia Harris was left to attend to the details.

Cronin, chairman of the Division of Humanities and an assistant professor of Speech Communication, hopes to give program ideas and add continuity to the group. He is a founder and past president of Dubuque Fine Arts Society, vice president of the Dubuque Arts Association and a member of the Dubuque Arts Council.

Peg Klein, a Clarke member of the Tri-College Committee, considers Cronin's presence on the committee a definite plus. "He's a sounding board. He adds direction, but we make the final decisions," she said.

Fronczak agrees that an advisor is an excellent idea, "there is the need for someone on the committee who is in an authority position."

As part of its newly initiated planning system the committee hopes to incorporate one musical

event, one dramatic event and one open event each year. A goal of the committee is to plan events a year in advance. By doing this arrangements can be made for choice performers.

Tri-College events for this year are a Soviet Folk Ensemble on Dec. 11 and the National Shakespeare Company's performance of "A Winter's Tale" on April 3. Mimist Keith Berger appeared in September.

Members for the committee are taken from the Clarke and U of D Cultural Events Committees and the Loras Student Senate. Members of the committee are Klein and Elizabeth Rosado from Clarke, Franklin Kirk from Loras, and Vickie Dorn and Rob Longwell-Grice from the U of D.

A rating of "first class" was awarded to the COURIER last week from the Associated Collegiate Press, in evaluation of the issues from second semester, 1977. The COURIER rejoined the ACP this fall after having been away from the organization since 1972.

ACP judge Mary Skar, a former journalist and now a freelance writer, evaluated the COURIER in areas: coverage and content, writing and editing, editorial leadership and opinion features, physical appearance and visual communication, and photography, art, and use of graphics.

The paper was judged in a category with college papers having the same

O'Brien relayed a message from Dunham, "She (Dunham) wants to meet with AAC in a closed session on Tuesday the 13th at 4:30."

Martin said, "I object to the idea of a closed session. I think Dr. Dunham should answer these questions for everyone in the Clarke community, and not simply for the members of the Academic Affairs Committee." He added, "My concern would be that a decision would be made behind closed doors. . . I do not want the decision to be made by a small group. I think an open meeting in that sense, after the decision has taken place, is essentially a farce."

Robert Evanson, observer, said, "I am very concerned that before those decisions are made that the maximum amount of input from those who would be affected by them, students and faculty, be involved. I think that, in turn, would strengthen the legitimacy of the decisions in the minds of everyone concerned."

O'Brien remarked, "This is a decision-making body." Zuzsy noted that AAC meetings are public meetings. He added, "To proceed now by some sort of a closed meeting, no matter how honest we were, would have a rather negative impact on the whole issue in light of the issues that have been raised."

O'Brien said, "I think we're being insulted by the people out there (non-AAC members)." She added, "They're saying to you that you won't ask the right questions. They can ask the right questions. You have the decision-making power, but they fear it very much."

In other action AAC unanimously approved a proposal that all Clarke students receive first and third quarter grades. Effective the 1978-79 school year, the proposal includes all classes on the Clarke campus and courses on other campuses, but taught by Clarke instructors. The academic dean will determine which courses are exempt from mid-semester grades.

Courier wins award

publication frequency from colleges of a comparable enrollment.

The COURIER scored a total of 4250 points out of a possible 4500. A paper scoring 4500 points and earning marks of distinction in four out of the five areas of evaluation receives the title of "All American." The COURIER received marks of distinction in three of the areas: coverage and content, physical appearance and visual communication, and photography, art and use of graphics.

Written comments were given in the scorebook used by the judge. In reference to the feature stories, Skar said, "Features are informative and entertaining. Your topics are of real interest to your readers."

Poli-sci reduction disapproved

By Jan Kitch

"If I'm going to be at Loras and the University of Dubuque for my major all the time, how can I say that I have a Clarke major in political science?" was the reaction of Karen Volz, sophomore political science major, to last week's announcement of the department's reduced instruction. Dr. Meneve Dunham, president, also announced that Judy Biggin will administer the Department of history and political science, effective next school year.

Sophomore Lisa Greby, political science major, said, "I am applying to some other schools, but I'm not going to make my final decision until I see if this will work out."

In a joint interview with Greby, Volz and Joellen Reuter, Volz said,

"If things still look bad after consulting with Mr. Evanson (political science chairman), then we won't come back. Junior year we'll be somewhere else."

"What upsets us the most was the

way we found out about it," said Greby. Volz explained how she learned of the administrative

moves. A Loras instructor mentioned it in class. "I denied it up and down because I thought, 'No, this couldn't happen. Somebody would have told us ahead of time,'" said Volz. She questioned Evanson, who confirmed what Volz heard.

Reuter, junior, said, "On the president's bulletin board I think it would have been good to post a letter saying that due to financial needs we are forced to cutback."

Greby, Reuter and Volz met with Dunham last week. According to the three students, Dunham said that reducing Evanson from full-time to half-time would save \$5000. Volz said, "Five thousand dollars is a lot of money, but when it comes to losing a few students, the prestige of the department and the morale of the school. . . it's not worth it."

"We don't think it's fair that a teacher has to have a certain number of people or his department will be dissolved or shoved in with another one or he'll be reduced to half-time," said Volz. "A lot of big departments don't have to worry about that."

Dunham might be trying to cut tuition costs for us," said Volz. "But we figure they'll lose more money by losing us and some prospective students than they will gain by cutting Mr. Evanson," added Greby.

Singers will tour India

Forty-two members of the Clarke-Loras singers will spend part of their Christmas vacation touring India. The singers and their director John Lease will tour Delhi, Calcutta and Bombay, as well as Nepal in Southern Asia. The group will sing a variety of pieces including religious, folk, pop and show tunes. Because this is a group effort and Lease wants to keep it that way. There will not be any featured soloists.

The group will be on tour from Dec. 26 through Jan. 15. Fund raising for the trip included selling candy bars and raffle tickets. Monies from performances at the Julien and of the Messiah, along with contributions from alumni and each student built up the tour fund.

Experience in wheelchair poses challenges

By Carol J. Frahm

"Don't go anywhere!"
"Don't worry, Margaret, I won't."
Margaret Doyle turned and stalked in my wheelchair and gazed up toward TDH, while Margaret turned toward Mary Jo Lobby to step to the cafeteria door.

Ordinarily you wouldn't find me in a wheelchair, but as an experiment I spent one full day in a rented one.

Mary was to find out what it would be like as a handicapped student at

not an easy task given my weight and the narrowness and steepness of the stairs.

With help out of Mary Ben's front door I started under my own power for the cafeteria. By the time I reached the walkway to Mary Jo, I surrendered in exhaustion and frustration to being pushed. I was working so hard and going nowhere. I'd certainly never make it to the grade.

The easiest way to the cafeteria was down the winding drive. I was determined to do as much as for myself as I could, so with a companion at my side I set off down the drive. The onlookers in the tri-college bus got a first hand view as I rolled haltingly in the driveway's curb. Not to be defeated, I started again; this time my aid had to run to keep up with me. It took two people to lift me up the single step to the outside cafeteria door. I'd make the trip three more times, but none were as terrifying as the first. While I was being lifted, I had little control over what happened. I had to depend on those helping me. A student in communication put it to me aptly, as she helped me up the stairs; "What is your trust level?"

Once in the cafeteria line I directed the selection of my food but left its transportation to a friend. At dinner that night I attempted pushing my own tray through the line. With caution and time I could manage except for carrying it to the table.

Having survived the first barrage of questions and funny looks at breakfast, I moved on to study in the library. I knew the wheelchair wouldn't make it through the turnstiles. I resorted to using the backdoor off of Mary Jo bridge. It meant being pushed up the drive, down the stone path and across the lawn (to avoid any steps) and into Mary Jo. Through the concourse and across the bridge was easy, but the three steps down meant being lifted. I would need two, perhaps three to

help. With my heart in my throat, I was lifted down the steps to the library backdoor, where I could enter without difficulty. Sister Kathleen Mullin, head librarian, greeted me with a smile and informed me that whatever assistance I would need would be provided as the law requires. She also informed me of the plan to remove the center section of pipe between the turnstiles and replace it with theater rope, facilitating the use of the front door for those in wheelchairs.

Too soon it was time to leave for class in the Courier office. Exiting the library meant going up those three steps. This time, half-way up, the chair and I came to a sudden stop. To save myself from falling on my face, I slid out of the chair.

On solid ground again, I moved out of the MJ toward CBH, using the outer sidewalk. It seemed as I went that every crack was a crater, perhaps, it was the lack of shocks on the chair.

When I rolled into CBH, I felt like I was in paradise. My companion left me in the lobby; and for the first time since I'd gotten up, I was alone, independent of everyone for the moment. I could go anywhere in CBH without help. I took the elevator to third floor, stretching some to reach the buttons. At the top of the third floor landing I met my next companion. Together we moved the chair downstairs and we entered the carpeted hallway.

I had prepared my schedule, grouping activities to eliminate unnecessary running. On the way to the Courier Office I stopped in the

Going upstairs to the Courier Office meant getting out of the chair again because of the physical and structural impossibilities of carrying me up any of the stairs. It took 25 minutes to go from the library to the Courier, a trip I ordinarily make in less than 60 seconds straight up three flights of stairs. It had allowed extra time knowing it would take longer to go anywhere, so I consulted my advisor, worked on a



photo by margaret doyle

Carol Frahm in the wheelchair being helped out of the doors in front of CBH by Jane Skelly.

story and rolled myself down to the language lab to check the accessibility of its facilities. I could reach the tapes and work in row C of the booths, but what good would that do a handicapped individual who would never be able to get the second floor of Mary Bertrand!

Back downstairs again after newsprinting, I rolled toward CBH for my 11:20 physiology class, except the rolling wasn't easy. The carpet, which normally cushions my path, slowed me up and made propelling myself exhausting. Again I succumbed to being pushed. Everytime I did, it only made me feel bad for those who were helping me. I felt foolish knowing I could really help myself. Yet, I knew if I were handicapped, my attitude would have to change; I would have to accept the fact that I couldn't do it alone. I'd need help—lots of it.

Dropping a book isn't an extraordinary thing until you can't pick it up. From the chair I couldn't reach the floor to pick up my physiology book or the papers that flew from it, when I dropped it before class. I had to ask for help.

I spent an anxious 50 minutes listening to Dr. Guest. Sitting was beginning to get to me; I'd been in the chair nearly four hours and my coping ability was beginning to wear thin. For someone else, whose theory about walking is: the sooner I can get there, the more I'll get done; I was growing more tense and more tired by the minute.

Assigned to cover Out-to Lunch that day, I spent half my lunch hour explaining to fellow students that "nothing had happened to me", and half-talking to visiting high school students. I thought I might have trouble getting around in a "crowded" cafeteria, but I didn't, it just took longer.

After my layout and design class

which went quickly, photographer Margaret Doyle met me for a photo session; that meant backtracking to the cafeteria and the library for her. A senior who helped me from CBH back to Mary Jo, told of a handicapped friend who had really wanted to come to Clarke. She said she discouraged her because there was "no way" it would be possible.

Finished with pictures, Margaret escorted me to the top of the drive and alone I set off for CBH to get some study in before my department meeting. It took me ten minutes to wheel myself there, but I did it.

I couldn't settle down to study. I was keyed up; I was tired. I had no one to talk to and nothing to occupy my attention. I tried to nap; I couldn't. I fidgeted, rolling back and forth in place. I wandered the halls of CBH, trying to divert my attention, always anxiously watching the clock.

Finally, I could go to the department meeting. Afterward, I returned to the carpeted hallway for Mass in Sacred Heart Chapel. Getting there meant "cheating" the last time and getting out of my wheelchair.

In chapel, I sat on the side aisle, but had trouble seeing Father Zuzsy at the altar. I thought as I sat there that if I were handicapped I'd have to give up being a sacristan and extraordinary minister. Of course, there would be other things, like disc jockeying on CLRK, which would have to go.

The expedite going to dinner, my aids and I decided to try going out the front door of Margaret Mann Hall. We could, but it required some maneuvering because of the small space. The handrail, which hindered my ability to move, allowed me to help "life" myself down the low slick stairs.

For the last time, I rolled down the drive unaided as my helpers looked on in terror. The dining room was nearly empty and I was glad. I wouldn't have to answer so many questions. The risk of my losing my temper over the kidding decreased.

My last scheduled stop was the Clarke Bar, so after dinner I found a corner in Mary Jo where I could study. It was more efficient to stay there than to roll myself elsewhere. I was determined to achieve something, so I worked on polishing a story. I couldn't afford to waste more precious time. I had tried to prepare myself mentally for the day but as its end neared, I realized it had been more strenuous than I envisioned.

I wondered if I'd make it to the Clarke Bar since I wasn't sure the inside door was wide enough to allow passage of a wheelchair. After a bumpy ride down the hill, I found I made it easily, although someone with a wider chair might not.

Sitting and pondering over an order of onion rings and Sprite, I wondered if I would be able to walk when I got out of the chair and how sore my muscles would be the next day. All the things I usually take for granted, but which I couldn't that day, drifted across my mind and I was grateful that my tomorrow would be a simple ordinary Thursday.

COURIER CAUCUS

Party policy

To the Editor,
It all started when we were freshmen, full of spirit, enthusiasm, and a desire to have fun. It began as a joke, but somehow we obtained the infamous name "Rowdy Wing." Now as "wild" seniors, juniors and sophomores have become victims of seemingly unjust dorm governance. After two years of well-controlled, peaceful and organized parties (at which we experienced no lack of respect for our property), we have been suddenly ordered to a halt in the name of THE HANDBOOK. We refer to Clarke's student handbook which has been quoted but still gives us no idea where we stand in regards to parties. What is a private party? What is a large group gathering? What constitutes the normal capacity of a dorm room? The handbook may be studied for many hours under bright lights but the answers to these questions remain in vague ambiguity. We have been told to simply use our common sense. Apparently, our common sense is not up to par with that of some persons in authority. We have been previously granted us. In the past we have had parties in their rooms on our wing. Last month, permission for such a function, involving male guests, was denied to us. It was suggested that we hold our party in one of the "common areas."

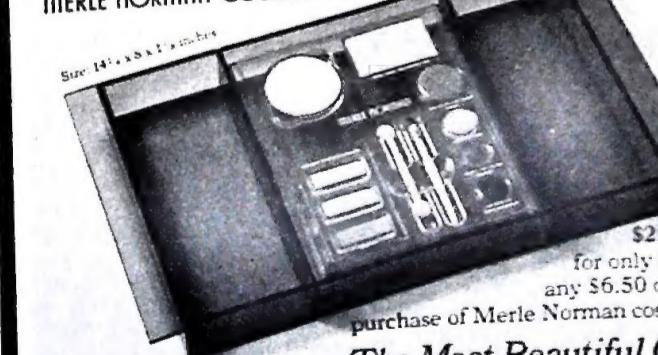
SAC did take action on our proposal; they composed a committee consisting of each dorm director and each dorm president. We think that the problem regarding parties should be made aware to all on-campus students, as it is not only the job of Mary Jo residents to propose changes. We encourage all

resident students to voice their opinions to either their dorm director or president; we have brought this proposal to SAC, but need the support of all residents to promote action. Be "aware" that any amendment that is accepted or rejected to the handbook will affect all residents.

Signed,
Karen Schubert
Cindy Laughlin
Sally Feehan
Mary Astrosky
Cindy Castans
Marty Wathier
Stephanie Richardi

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